High-speed humour with the Road Runner – see page 10

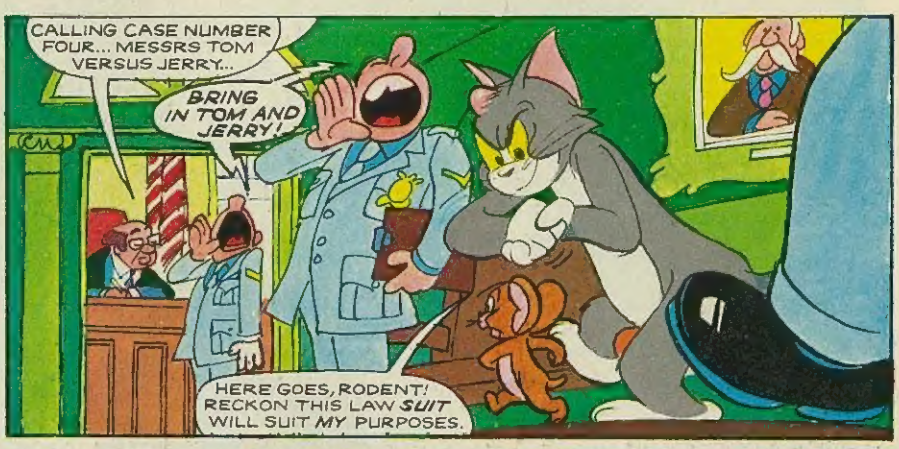
TV COMIC plus TOM & JERRY Weekly

7p

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

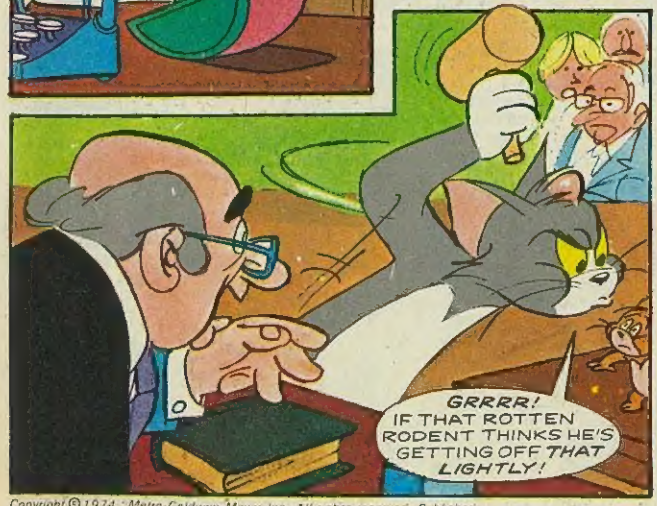
Every Monday | Week ending September 14th, 1974 | Number 1187

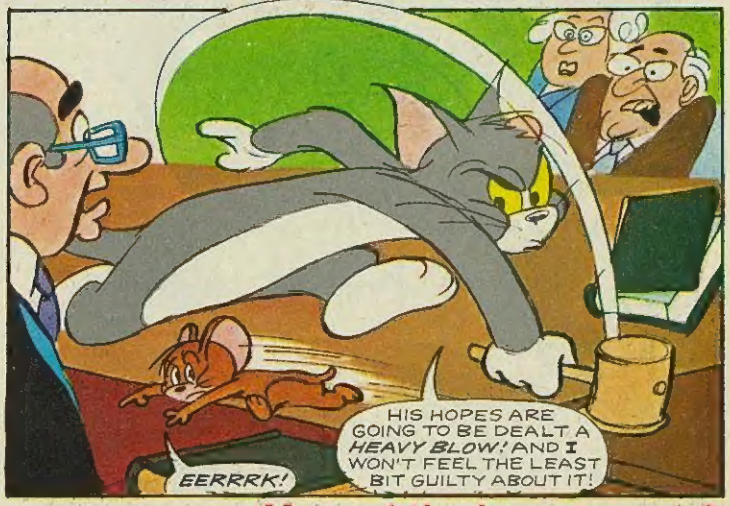
TOM and JERRY


CALLING CASE NUMBER FOUR... MESSRS TOM VERSUS JERRY...
BRING IN TOM AND JERRY!
HERE GOES, RODENT! RECKON THIS LAW SUIT WILL SUIT MY PURPOSES.

TOM PUTS FORWARD HIS CASE...
I THINK THIS EVIDENCE OF THAT RODENT'S INTENTIONS PROVES WHAT A TRIAL JERRY HAS BEEN TO ME, JUDGE!
VERY WELL—LET THE ACCUSED STAND!

AND, IN DEFENCE...
...SO I ASK THE JURY WHETHER A POOR, DEFENCELESS, LITTLE MOUSE WOULD BE SO UNWISE AS TO COURT DISASTER BY ATTACKING TOM...?
HEAR! HEAR!





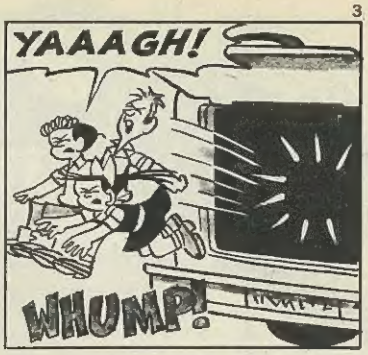
Copyright © 1974 Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

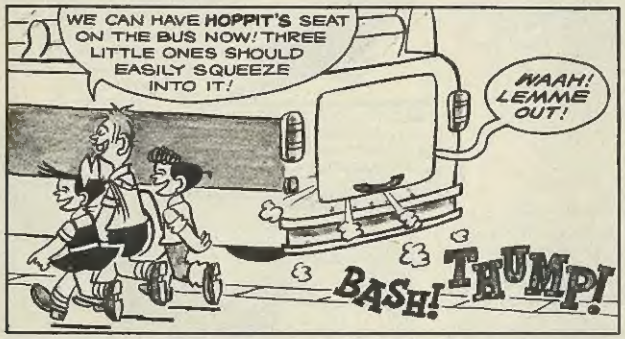
More of the law on page 2.

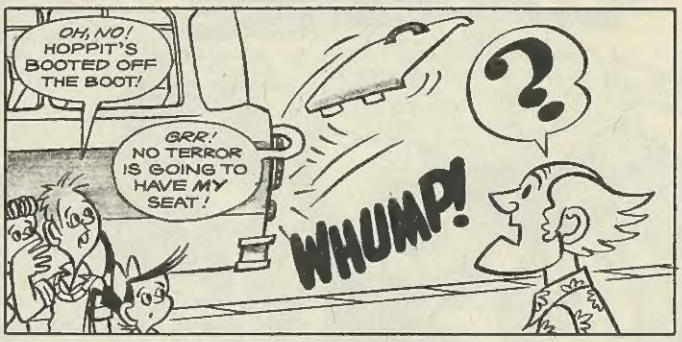
JUDGE-ING FROM TOM'S MANNER I'D BETTER HIDE!
AAGH!
SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, TOM— BUT I USED MY HEAD TO STRIKE A BLOW FOR FREEDOM! TEE-HEE!
G...GULP! GUESS I'VE H...HIT ON A SNAG!
I SENTENCE THAT CAT TO NINETY DAYS FOR CONTEMPT OF COURT!
SNIGGER! LOOKS LIKE THAT SENTENCE HAS LEFT POOR OL' TOM SPEECHLESS!
TWO DAYS LATER...
SIGH! TH-THIS LETTER FROM TOM SAYS HE WANTS TO M-MAKE HIS WILL! HE CAN'T BE GETTING ON TOO WELL IN THERE.
INSIDE...
G-GOSH! TOM M-MUST BE ILL... HE'S ON HIS BUNK!
OOOH! GROAN!
I'LL UNLOCK, TO LET YOU OUT IN TWENTY MINUTES, MOUSE!
G-GULP! I TH-THINK TOM'S TRIED TO CELL ME THE DUMMY.
YOU'RE THE DUMB ONE, RODENT— NOW TALKING OF MY WILL...
I WILL GET EVEN WITH YOU, IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
BAM!
TAKE A CHAIR, JERRY! YOU'LL NEED IT WHEN YOU REALISE COMING HERE WAS A MOUSE TAKE!
I'D BETTER DO A BUNK— AND MAKE A JUMP FOR IT!
WHAT'S GOING ON?
OOPS! I'VE REBOUNDED!
EERK!
HEH! HEH! THAT'LL BE ONE IN THE EYE FOR THAT RODENT!
NOW YOU'LL BOTH STAY OUT OF MISCHIEF!
BAR-RING THAT RODENT'S ESCAPE, YOU COULD SAY WE BOTH COP-PED IT, THIS WEEK, EH, READERS?

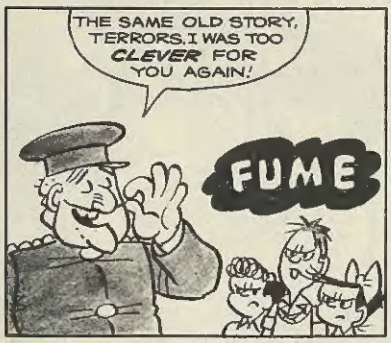
Double trouble with your pals soon!

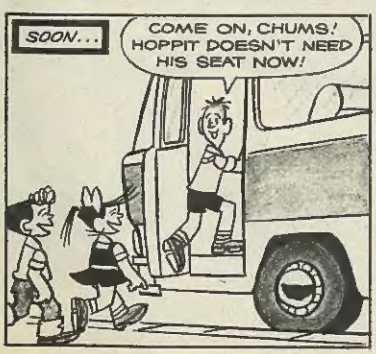
TV Terrors

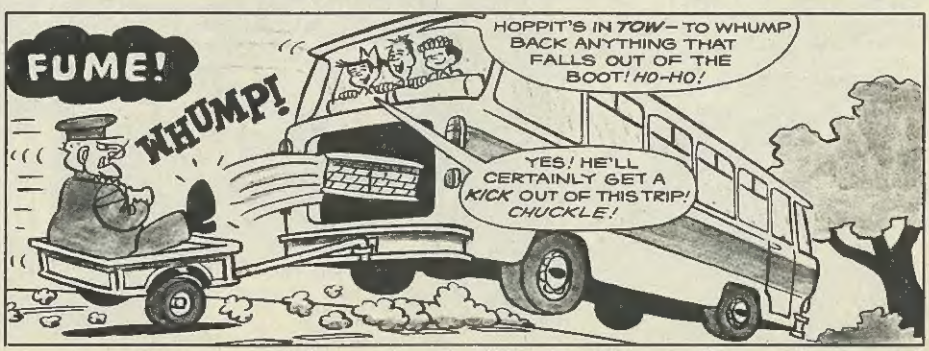











FUME!
WHUMP!
HOPPIT'S IN TOW – TO WHUMP BACK ANYTHING THAT FALLS OUT OF THE BOOT! HO-HO!
YES! HE'LL CERTAINLY GET A KICK OUT OF THIS TRIP! CHUCKLE!

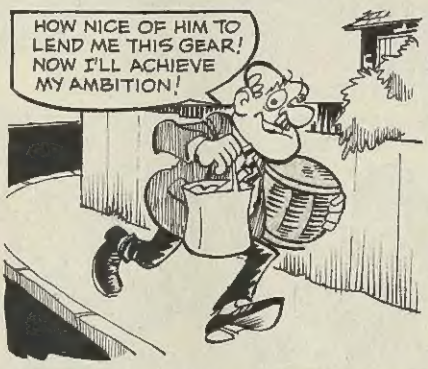
It's a dog's life for Hoppit next week!

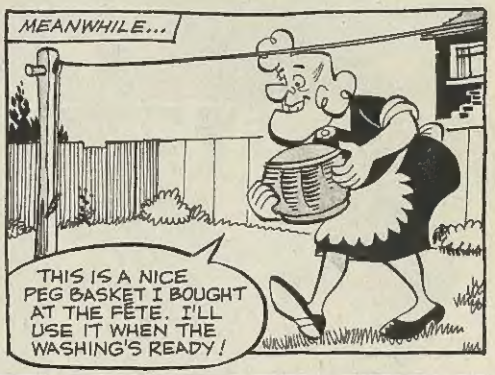
CANNON
CANNON is looking for Danny Francis the pop star whose sister, Julie, insists has been murdered by his manager, George Hendricks. When the big, private investigator visits Hendricks' office he interrupts a rough house, with the pop manager on the receiving end. Instead of receiving thanks for dealing with the muscle, Cannon is rewarded with a bang on the head . . .
WOW...SOMEONE HIT ME WITH A STEAM HAMMER...
BUT WHEN CANNON READS...
Dear Cannon, If you want to know more about Danny Francis, try the Simons Studios...
SO THE BIRDS HAVE ALL FLOWN! SO MUCH SO, THAT SOMEONE DIDN'T FINISH THEIR TYPING!
SIMONS STUDIOS? THAT'S A GHOST TOWN OUT ON THE EDGE OF THE DESERT? SOMETHING ELSE GRABS ME AS FUNNY...
JUST BEFORE HENDRICKS SLUGGED ME, HE CALLED ME BY NAME. I NEVER MET THE MAN BEFORE! SOMEONE'S COMING...?
THEN...
MISTER CANNON! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE OKAY. I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAD HAPPENED TO YOU, AS WELL!
JULIE! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STAY IN YOUR APARTMENT!
SOON...
WHERE ARE WE GOING?
WE'RE FOLLOWING THE ONLY LEAD WE HAVE SO FAR, JULIE. LET'S SEE WHAT THE MOVIE GHOSTS OF SIMONS STUDIOS CAN TELL US.
MEANWHILE, GEORGE HENDRICKS HAS BEEN ENTERTAINING HIS LATEST FIND, SAMMY SILVER...
IT WAS A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU EAT, KID. WANT ANY MORE?
PHEW! NOPE. RECKON THAT'S MY FILL, MISTER HENDRICKS. CAN'T SAY I EXPECTED YOU TO TAKE ME TO A PLUSH JOINT LIKE THIS!
NONSENSE, SAMMY. FROM NOW ON THIS IS THE WAY IT'S GONNA BE. HERE, HAVE SOME MORE COFFEE!
MINUTES LATER...
IT'S OKAY, BUDDY. MY FRIEND'S HAD TOO MUCH WINE, I'LL MANAGE!
HAVANA CLUB
SORRY...MISTER H-HENDRICKS. D-DIDN'T EVER...A-AFFECT ME LIKE...THIS BEFORE...
SLEEPING LIKE A BABY. JUST PERFECT FOR THE GREATEST PERFORMANCE OF YOUR LIFE, SAMMY SILVER!

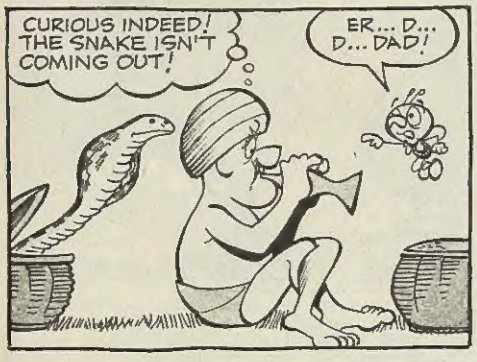
© 1974 Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc.

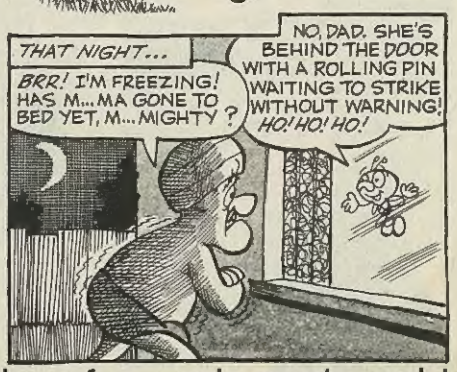
Cannon's hot on the trail of a fire soon!

MIGHTY MOTH



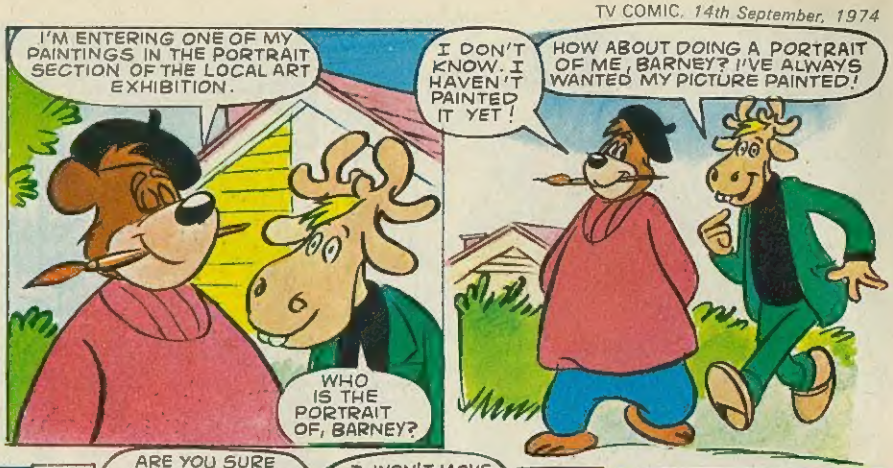




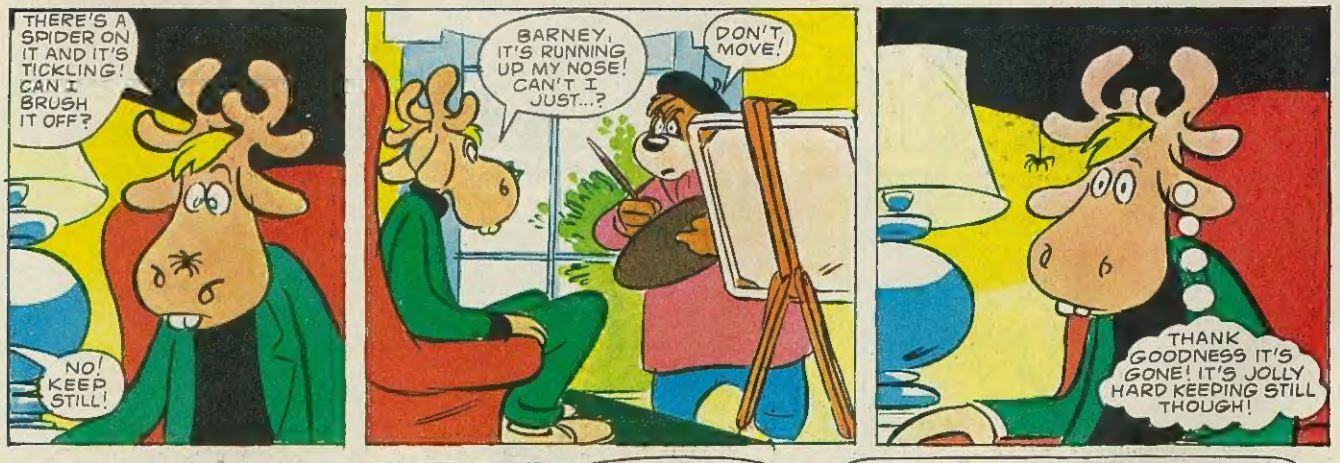

THAT NIGHT...
BRR! I'M FREEZING! HAS M... MA GONE TO BED YET, M... MIGHTY?
NO, DAD. SHE'S BEHIND THE DOOR WITH A ROLLING PIN WAITING TO STRIKE WITHOUT WARNING! HO! HO! HO!

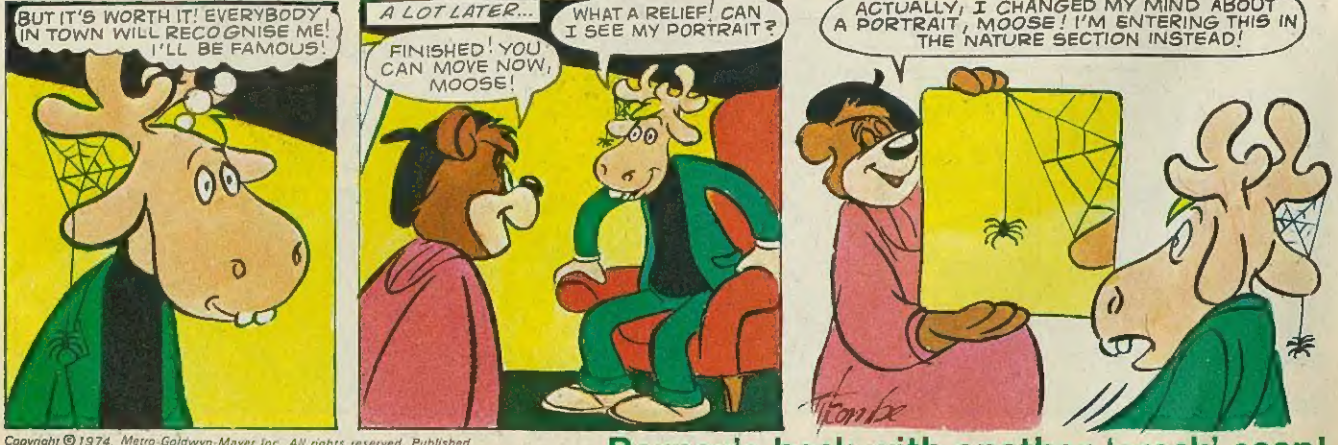
Moth-marvellous fun again next week!

BARNEY BEAR


I'M ENTERING ONE OF MY PAINTINGS IN THE PORTRAIT SECTION OF THE LOCAL ART EXHIBITION.
WHO IS THE PORTRAIT OF, BARNEY?
I DON'T KNOW. I HAVEN'T PAINTED IT YET!
HOW ABOUT DOING A PORTRAIT OF ME, BARNEY? I'VE ALWAYS WANTED MY PICTURE PAINTED!

SORRY, MOOSE. YOU'RE A FIDGET. IF YOU'RE SITTING FOR A PORTRAIT YOU HAVE TO SIT STILL!
I'LL KEEP PERFECTLY STILL, BARNEY. HONEST!
SO...
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIDGET, MOOSE?
I WON'T MOVE A MUSCLE UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED!
BUT...
MOOSE! YOU'RE TWITCHING YOUR NOSE!
SORRY, BARNEY!


THERE'S A SPIDER ON IT AND IT'S TICKLING! CAN I BRUSH IT OFF?
NO! KEEP STILL!
BARNEY, IT'S RUNNING UP MY NOSE! CAN'T I JUST...?
DON'T MOVE!
THANK GOODNESS IT'S GONE! IT'S JOLLY HARD KEEPING STILL THOUGH!


BUT IT'S WORTH IT! EVERYBODY IN TOWN WILL RECOGNISE ME! I'LL BE FAMOUS!
A LOT LATER...
FINISHED! YOU CAN MOVE NOW, MOOSE!
WHAT A RELIEF! CAN I SEE MY PORTRAIT?
ACTUALLY, I CHANGED MY MIND ABOUT A PORTRAIT, MOOSE! I'M ENTERING THIS IN THE NATURE SECTION INSTEAD!

Copyright © 1974, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Barney's back with another 'crack' soon!

JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC

Meet the Marmots next week!

DROOPY
OH, BOY! WHAT SHALL WE GO ON FIRST, BUTCH? HOW ABOUT THE BUMPER CARS?
HEH! HEH! I'VE A BETTER IDEA THAN THAT, DROOPY!
GRAND FETE
AND...
£10 TO ANYONE WHO CAN LAST ONE ROUND WITH THE METALMAN!
THIS IS IT! THIS IS THE SCENE FOR EXCITEMENT!
HUH?
NEXT MOMENT...
WE HAVE A CHALLENGER! BRAVO, SIR! STEP RIGHT UP!
OVER HERE!
MY PAL RECKONS HE CAN WIN THAT £10!
I— I DO?
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, SIR!
WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO?
JUST LEAVE THAT TO ME, PAL. I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
THIS'LL BE THE FASTEST FIGHT IN HISTORY! HUR! HUR!
SECONDS AWAY!
C—CAN I G—GO, TOO?
DON'T WORRY, SUCKER! YOU'LL BE GONE SOON ENOUGH!
BUT...
DO YOU MIND, SIR? YOU'RE MAKING ME VERY ANGRY!
HOW LONG DO YOU WANT THIS TO LAST, SPIKE?
MAKE IT A COUPLA MINUTES!
STAND STILL, SUCKER, I WANT TO HIT YOU!
WHY, YOU BIG BULLY...
OOOMPH!
THUNK
THAT'S RUDE!
GUESS DROOPY DIDN'T STRIKE IT LUCKY THIS WEEK! EHHH?
THEN...
UNNNGH!
OUCH!
BOINK
TWANG
OOOOH!
NINE...TEN...OUT! IT'S INCREDIBLE! HERE'S THE PRIZE MONEY, PAL!
HUH? WHAT HAPPENED?
COME ON, BUTCH! I THOUGHT WE CAME TO ENJOY OURSELVES!

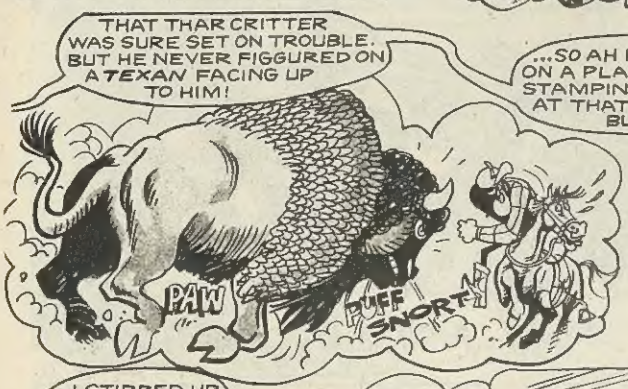
Copyright © 1974, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A

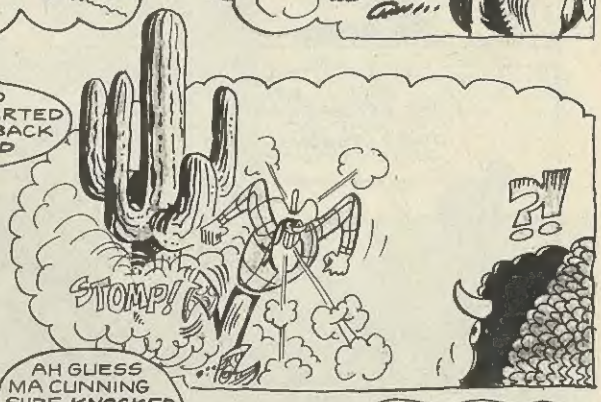
Another daft laugh with Droopy soon!

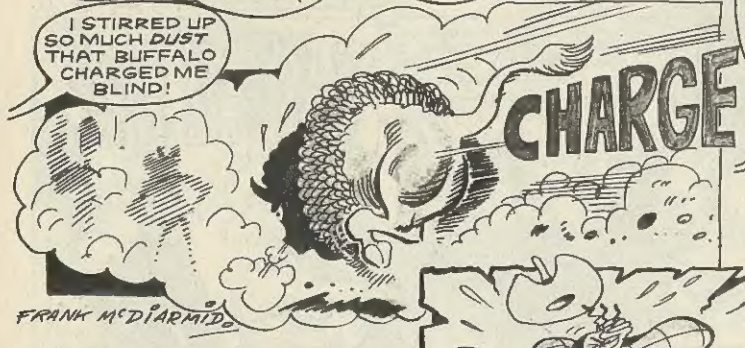
Texas Ted

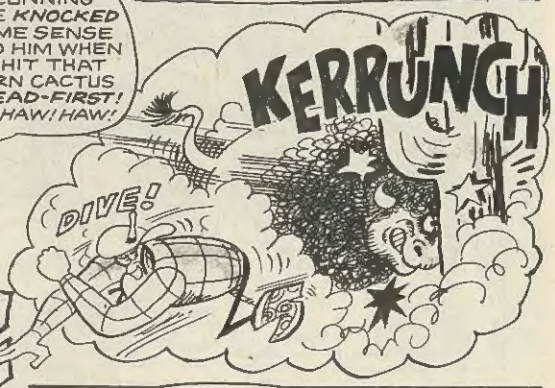
NATURE RESERVE
JEST WHAT KINDA NATURE IS THEY RESERVIN' IN THIS GARDEN, COUSIN?
DON'T BE SARCASTIC, EDWARD! IT'S A WOOD FOR WILDLIFE. LOOK— A SQUIRREL.
HAW! HAW! CALL THAT OUTSIZED, FURRY FLEA WILDLIFE? WHY IT'S MO' LIKE TAMELIFE TUH ME!
SLAP

YESSIREE! REMINDS ME O' THE TIME AH WAS RANGE-RIDING THROUGH WILD COUNTRY!
SNAARL!
RATTLE
NOW ALL THEM THAR COUGARS AN' RATTLESNAKES SHO' DIDN'T MAKE ME NERVOUS. BUT THEN I RAN PLUMB INTO INTO A BULL BUFFALO...
!

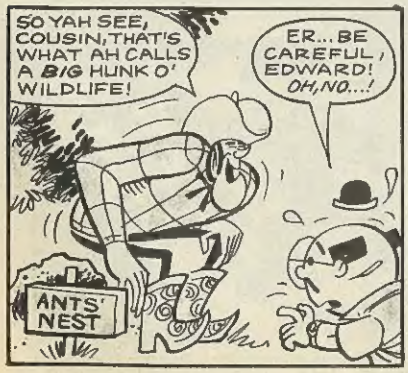





I STIRRED UP SO MUCH DUST THAT BUFFALO CHARGED ME BLIND!
CHARGE
AH GUESS MA CUNNING SURE KNOCKED SOME SENSE INTO HIM WHEN HE HIT THAT DARN CACTUS HEAD-FIRST! HAW! HAW!

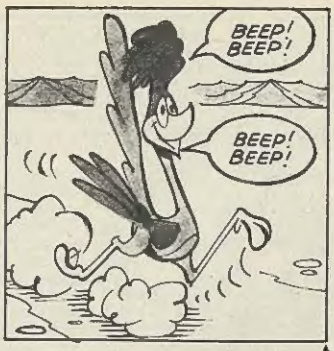


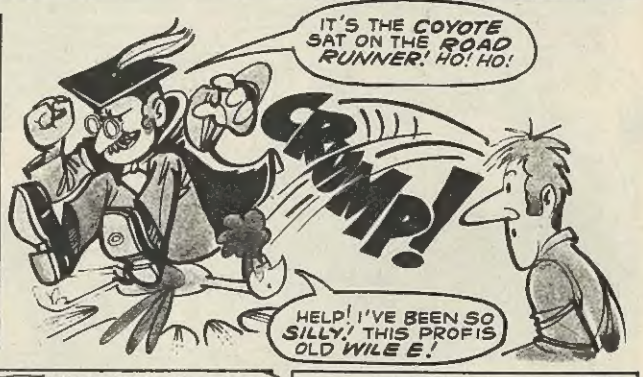
FRANK McDIARMID

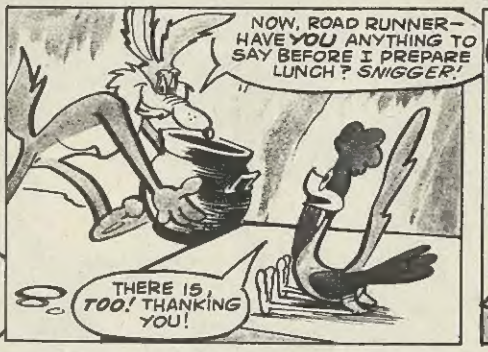


A leaf leaves Cecil stunned next week!

BEEP BEEP The Road Runner







Copyright © 1974, Warner Bros. Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

Cast off for fishy fun soon!

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

Dear Editor

My name is Julie Nicholson and I am ten years old. The photograph of me was taken in my back garden in Coventry. I have one brother and one dog. My favourite characters in TV Comic are Tom and Jerry.

P.S. I am dressed for my holiday

Julie Nicholson, Walsgrave, Coventry.

Well, I hope you don't have to spend all your holidays in the back garden, Julie. Mind you, it does appear to be a nice back garden!

Dear Editor

My name is Nicholas Bugden. I am nine years old. I like Mighty Moth and Basil Brush best in TV Comic. I have had TV Comic about one year. My hobbies are fishing and cycling. I have some pet goldfish. I have had them for about eight months. I am going to get a kitten in about a month.

Nicholas Bugden, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex.

I wouldn't tell the goldfish about the kitten. Somehow, I don't think they would approve!

Dear Editor

My name is Joan Kinnon I am eleven years old. My birthday is on 1st June. This photograph was taken at school. I have always read different comics but now I'm sticking to TV Comic My favourite stories are The Bugs Bunny Show and Popeye.

Joan Kinnon, Livingston, West Lothian.

Och! It takes a canny Scot to sort out the quality. Doesn't it, Joan?

Dear Editor

My name is Marilyn Wilson. I have a Yorkshire Terrier named Cindy. Every time there is a dog, cat or any other animal especially horses on TV, she jumps half way up the television trying to get the animal. And she is only a Toy-breed!

Marilyn Wilson, Warley, Worcs.

Perhaps the television brings them down to a size that Cindy thinks she can tackle?

Dear Editor

My name is Yvonne Evans and I am ten years old. This is a photo of my Alsatian dog called William. My favourite stories are Tom and Jerry and Basil Brush in TV Comic.

Yvonne Evans, Swansea, Wales.

When that Cindy catches sight of William's photo I bet she won't stop barking for a week!

Dear Editor

My name is Alan Logan and I am eleven years old. This is a photograph of my rabbit and me. My rabbit is called Snowy. I have been reading TV Comic for three years and my favourite characters are Tom and Jerry and Pink Panther

Alan Logan, Dundee, Angus.

I can see from the photograph that Snowy has just been taken for a hop around the block.

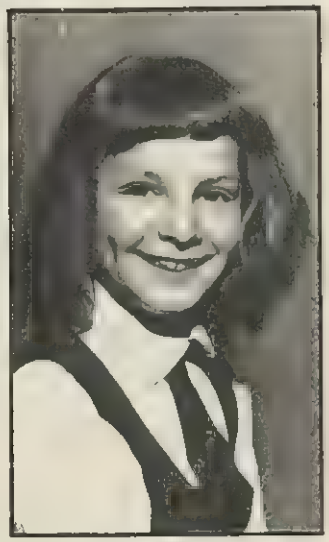
Dear Editor

My name is Susan Strickland and I am eight years old. In TV Comic, I like Tom and Jerry and Bugs Bunny best of all. I have also got a pet kitten called Smokey and a budgie called Beauty. He keeps chewing the cover on his cage and the sand-paper in the bottom of his cage. I like school very much

Susan Strickland, Langton, Nr Preston, Lancs.

Now Susan Strickland, Langton, Lancs,
High amongst her fellow ranks.
For this young lady is no fool,
Because she likes to go to school
Indeed, it's even true to say,
That she prefers her school to play.
Her teachers then, deserve all thanks,
From Susan Strickland, Langton, Lancs!

How's that for instant poetry?



STAR LETTER

My name is Sandra McCulloch. I am nine years old, and I live in Glasgow. I have two sisters and five brothers. I also have a pet budgie called Tody. He belonged to my granny for a year, but she got fed up with him because he wouldn't fly on her head or talk to her so she gave Tody to us. Since then he goes on our hand and our head. He can say Celtic and calls himself pretty Tody. My gran got fed up with him for not doing anything but we are fed up with him for the noise he makes. He also flies about you when he is being chased. Nevertheless, I wouldn't give him away

Sandra McCulloch, Glasgow.

Well, Sandra, you may not have taught your 'Granny to suck eggs,' but you certainly taught how to get the hatched variety talking, didn't you?

BASIL BRUSH

WHAT'S THE WEATHER GOING TO BE LIKE TODAY, CHUMMERS?

'OLD ON A MOMENT, GUV, I'LL TAKE MY SOCK OFF AND 'AVE A LOOK.

AH! MY CORN'S RED ON THE RIGHT 'AND SIDE. THAT MEANS RAIN SPREADIN FROM THE WEST THIS AFTERNOON, ABOUT 2·45, I'D SAY!

CHUMMERS' CORN IS NEVER WRONG. I'LL DO SOME WORK IN THE GARDEN THIS MORNING AND INDOOR JOBS WHEN IT RAINS!

WHAT'S THIS? A BALLOON LANDING IN THE GARDEN!

IT'S A WEATHER BALLOON!

Dick Millington

CAN WE HAVE OUR BALLOON BACK? I'M DOCTOR DEWDROP FROM THE MET. OFFICE. THE WIND DIRECTION CHANGED FROM WHAT WE EXPECTED AND WE NEARLY LOST IT!

CERTAINLY. WHAT DO YOU DO NOW?

ALL THE INFORMATION WE GATHER IS FED INTO THE COMPUTER AND IT GIVES THE WEATHER FORECAST.

BUT YOUR FORECAST THIS MORNING SAID IT WOULD BE DRY ALL DAY...

...WHEREAS MY BUTLER HAS A CORN ON HIS LITTLE TOE WHICH SAYS IT WILL RAIN AT 2·45.

HA! HA! HA! WELL, I'M AFRAID YOUR BUTLER'S CORN IS WRONG!

BUT AT 2·45 P.M....

MY GOODNESS! THIS WAS UNEXPECTED! I'LL GIVE THAT FOX A RING!

MR BRUSH, WOULD YOU PHONE IN THE WEATHER FORECAST FROM YOUR BUTLER'S TOE EACH MORNING? I'D LIKE TO TEST ITS ACCURACY!

HIGH

CERTAINLY.

NEXT MORNING...

THE SHOWERS FROM THE WEST WILL DIE OUT AT 11·20 FOLLOWED BY BRIGHTER, WARMER WEATHER...

A WEEK LATER...

GENTLEMEN, THE BUTLER'S TOE HAS SUCCEEDED WHERE OUR COMPUTER HAS FAILED. SO AS FROM TOMORROW...

LATER...

CHUMMERS THE MET. OFFICE WANT YOU AT THE TV STUDIO TOMORROW SO THAT THEY CAN GIVE AN ACCURATE FORECAST!

COR! MY FOOT WILL BE ON THE TELLY!

NEXT DAY...

HERE IS THE WEATHER FORECAST FOR TODAY...

I SAY! ISN'T THIS EXCITING!

GOSH, CHUMMERS' CORN ISN'T AT ALL RED. THAT MEANS...

TODAY WILL BE DRY WITH NO SIGN OF RAIN DURING THE OUTLOOK PERIOD!

AS IT'S GOING TO BE DRY I'LL WALK DOWN TO THE STATION TO MEET CHUMMERS!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!

DID YOU BRING AN UMBRELLA, GUV?

OF COURSE NOT! YOUR CORN SAID IT WOULD BE DRY!

RAIL

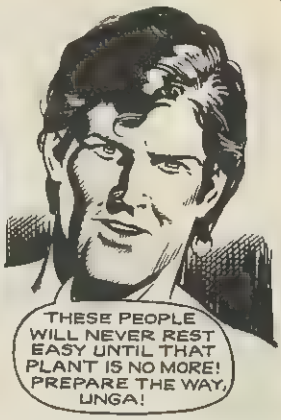
OH, THE SHAME OF IT, CHUMMERS! WHAT HAPPENED?

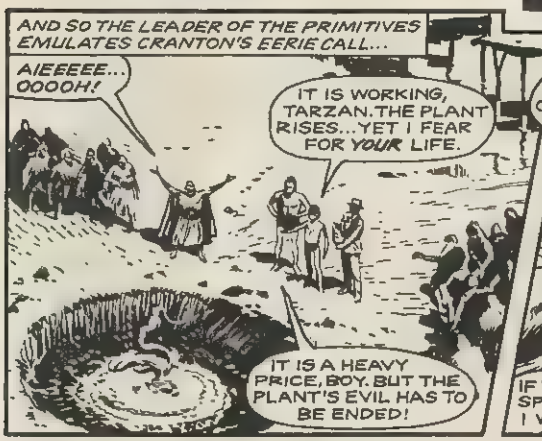
IT WASN'T MY FAULT, GUV! THE MAKE-UP LADY SAID AS MY FOOT WAS GOIN' TO BE SHOWN ON THE TELLY IT WOULD 'AVE TO BE MADE-UP. SHE MUST'VE COVERED MY BRIGHT-RED CORN WITH GREASE PAINT AN' POWDER!

Another razzle with Basil next week!

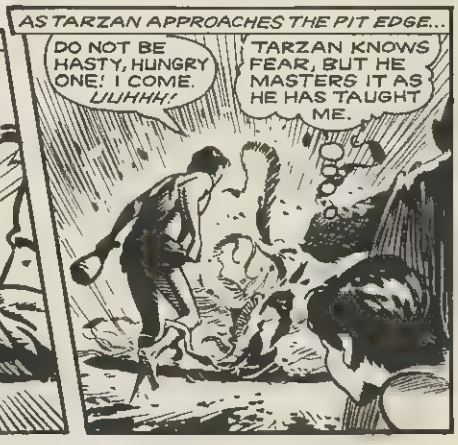
TARZAN

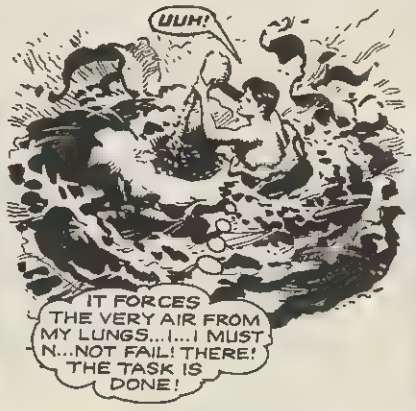
TARZAN and Boy — accompanying Professor Vaughn Trent — discover the mystery of missing botanist, Dr Paul Cranton, who disappeared within a vast swamp. Cranton had found a man-eating plant which he had used to control a tribe of primitives. When the crazed botanist perishes by the plant, Tarzan and the Professor plan the evil growth's destruction . . .




AND SO THE LEADER OF THE PRIMITIVES EMULATES CRANTON'S EERIE CALL...
AIEEEEE... OOOOH!
IT IS WORKING, TARZAN. THE PLANT RISES... YET I FEAR FOR YOUR LIFE.
IT IS A HEAVY PRICE, BOY. BUT THE PLANT'S EVIL HAS TO BE ENDED!

MOMENTS LATER...
REMEMBER, TARZAN. THE ACID WILL WORK ONLY IF IT PENETRATES THE PLANT'S MOUTH.
IF THE JUNGLE SPIRITS WISH IT, I WILL SUCCEED.


AS TARZAN APPROACHES THE PIT EDGE..
DO NOT BE HASTY, HUNGRY ONE! I COME. UUHHH!
TARZAN KNOWS FEAR, BUT HE MASTERS IT AS HE HAS TAUGHT ME.



AND MUCH LATER...
FAREWELL, JUNGLE LORD! OUR GUIDES WILL LEAD YOU FROM THE SWAMP!
MAY YOU LIVE IN PEACE, WITHOUT EVIL, UNGA. LET IT ALWAYS BE SO.

WHEN I GET BACK TO CIVILISATION IT WILL BE BETTER IF I REMAIN SILENT ABOUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED!
YOU SPEAK WISELY, PROFESSOR. NOW THE PRIMITIVES HAVE FOUND THEIR FREEDOM, OTHERS MUST NOT TAKE IT FROM THEM.

Copyright © 1974 Edgar Rice Burroughs Inc

A new adventure with Tarzan begins soon.

BANK NOTICE BOARD

DAD'S ARMY

© 1974 Peter Thurlow — Beldart Ltd

BY JOVE, WILSON! IT'S OUR DUTY TO SEE SOMETHING IS DONE ABOUT THIS STEEL SHORTAGE!

STEEL FRAMING NEEDED FOR...

BEFORE LONG...

RIGHT, MEN. YOU KNOW OUR TARGET! SO LET'S GET TO WORK!

I THOUGHT WE WERE HOME GUARDS NOT SCRAP-METAL MERCHANTS!

SOON...

THOSE WHO WANT TO SEE THE WAR OVER WILL GIVE GENEROUSLY, I'M SURE!

HOME GUARD EMERGENCY METAL COLLECTION

I'M GLAD TO GET RID OF IT!

IN NO TIME AT ALL...

PERMISSION TO SUGGEST WE DON'T LOAD ANY MORE, SIR, ON ACCOUNT OF MY BACK AXLE?

HOME GUARD EMERGENCY COLLECTION

ALL RIGHT, CORPORAL JONES. WE HAVEN'T FAR TO GO!

BLIMEY, NAPOLEON, WHAT A LOAD OF OLD RUBBISH!

IGNORE HIM, MEN. THE MAN'S A FOOL!

HOME GUARD EMERGENCY METAL COLLECTION

SUDDENLY...

BONG

LOOK OUT... WHOOPS! SORRY, MISTER HODGES...

OUCH!

I'LL REPORT YOU LOT FOR THIS!

WITNESSES CAN PROVE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, HODGES. NOW MOVE ALONG.

BUT, BACK AT THE CHURCH HALL...

WELL, I'M VERY SORRY, CAPTAIN MAINWARING, BUT I AGREE WITH THE VERGER! THE GRAVEYARD SHOULD BE TREATED WITH MORE RESPECT!

H'MMPH! WHERE'S YOUR PATRIOTISM? ALL RIGHT, I'LL SEE ABOUT SHIFTING IT!

WHEN CAPTAIN MAINWARING CONTACTS THE MINISTRY OF SUPPLY...

WHAT'S THAT? YOU **DON'T** WANT IT?

NOTHING LESS THAN A HUNDRED TONS, SIR. PUBLIC RESPONSE HAS BEEN SO GREAT!

TRUST A SASSENACH TA BLUNDER THINGS!

MISTER MAINWARING'LL THINK OF SOMETHING, LADS.

ARP SHELTER

SOME NIGHTS LATER, DURING AN AIR RAID...

INTO THE SHELTER, BOYS!

CLANG

ARP SHELTER

OUCH!

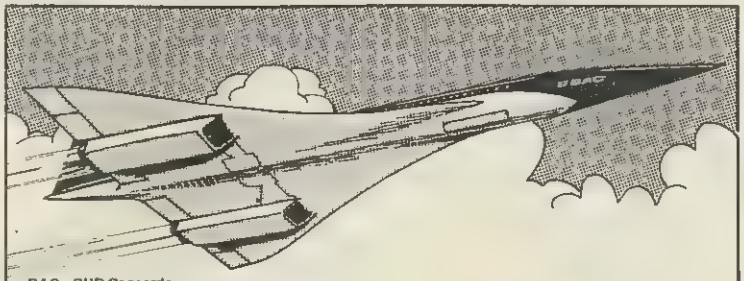
THAT MAINWARING! I'LL MURDER HIM WHEN I GET ME 'ANDS ON 'IM!

Next week: a map-reading riot!

AIRFIX

RECORD BREAKERS

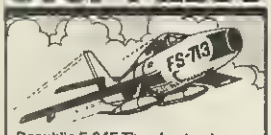
A series of exciting Airfix models that remember some famous record breaking achievements both at sea and in the air.



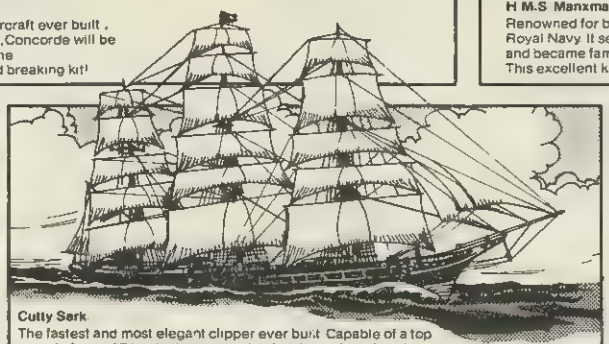
BAC—SUD Concorde.
One of the most famous and exciting aircraft ever built. Developed as an Anglo-French project, Concorde will be the first supersonic passenger aeroplane
Make the Airfix Concorde—it's a record breaking kit!

H.M.S. Manxman
Renowned for being one of the fastest ships in the Royal Navy. It served as a high speed mine layer and became famous for transporting troops to Malta
This excellent kit is exact in every detail

STOP PRESS



Republic F-84F Thunderstreak.
This long-range escort fighter and strike aircraft kit, includes bombs, drop-tanks and a choice of markings for a USAF or a Luftwaffe machine



Cutty Sark
The fastest and most elegant clipper ever built. Capable of a top speed of over 17 knots, it set record sailing times from London to Australia. A beautiful Airfix model you'll be proud to own

For up-to-date news and details of Airfix models get the Airfix magazine, price 18p. Also available are a set of detailed Airfix Books. These give all the background information to such models as the H.M.S. Victory, Mayflower, Spitfire, Messerschmitt BF 109 and P51 Mustang. Do you belong to the Airfix Modellers Club? For details write to: Airfix Modellers Club, 15/17 Long Acre, London WC2E 9QU

Airfix
The world's biggest range of construction kits.

NEW SUPER ACTION "MATCHBOX" SKY-BUSTERS

START COLLECTING THESE FAB SKY-BUSTERS TODAY. THESE HIGHLY DETAILED DIECAST METAL MODELS OF FAMOUS AEROPLANES, WITH SUPERFAST WHEELS REALLY MOVE ALONG. ***SKY-BUSTERS*** FROM ***MATCHBOX***. GREAT TO LOOK AT, SUPER FUN TO PLAY WITH!

MIRAGE SKY-BUSTER 4

JUNKERS SKY-BUSTER 7

CORSAIR SKY-BUSTER 2

35p*

START YOUR COLLECTION NOW
SB-1 LEARJET; SB-2 CORSAIR A 7D;
SB-3 AIRBUS; SB-4 MIRAGE F1;
SB-5 STARFIGHTER F104; SB-6 MIG 21;
SB-7 JUNKERS 87D; SB-8 SPITFIRE

DIECAST METAL WITH Superfast WHEELS

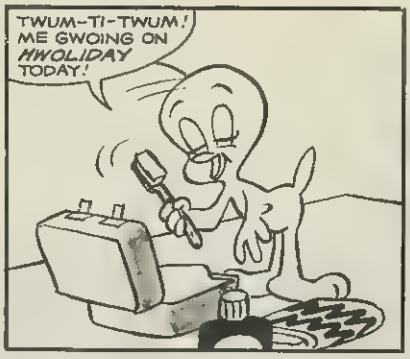
*Recommended retail price at time of going to press.

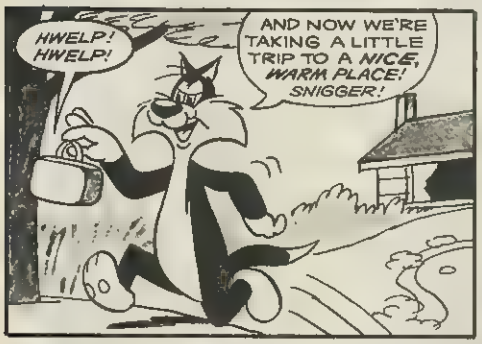
"MATCHBOX" is the registered Trade Mark of Lesney Products & Co Ltd., London E9 5PA.

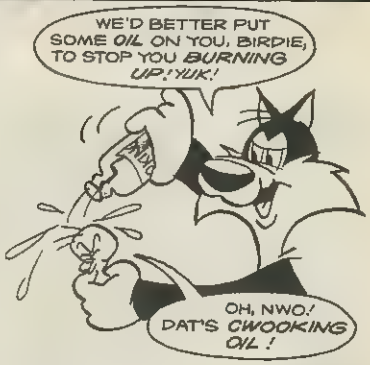
The BUGS BUNNY Show

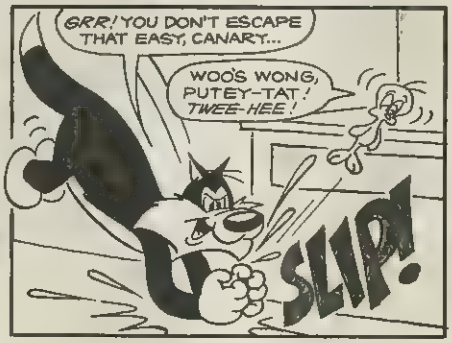
☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

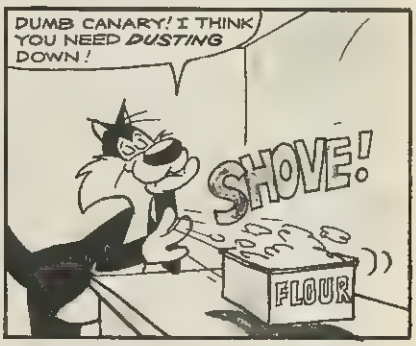
HOLIDAY HAUNT'

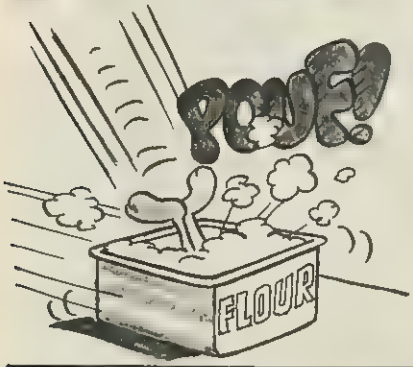


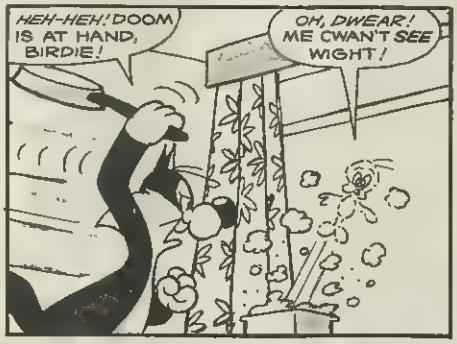


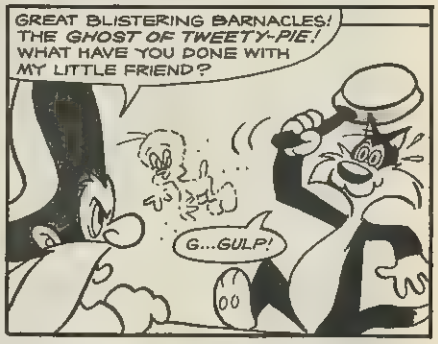


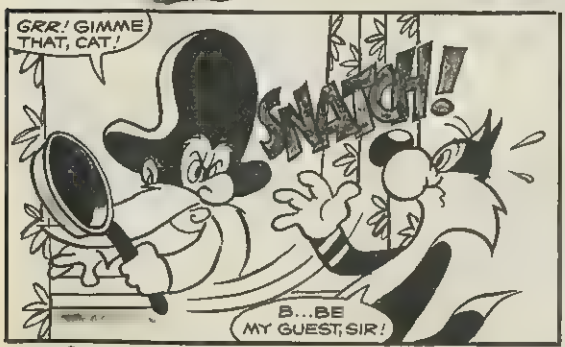


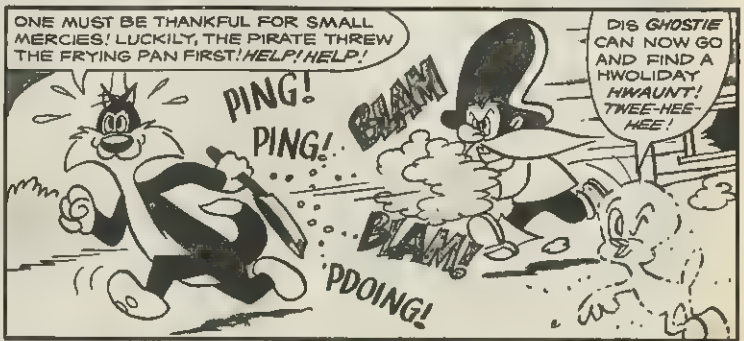








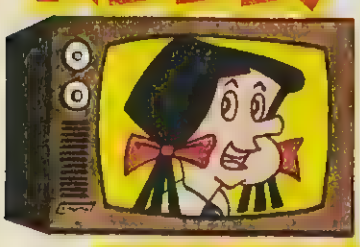


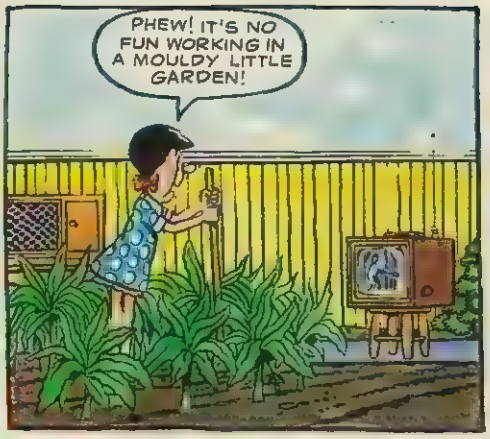

ONE MUST BE THANKFUL FOR SMALL MERCIES! LUCKILY, THE PIRATE THREW THE FRYING PAN FIRST! *HELP! HELP!*
PING!
PING!
BLAM!
BLAM!
'PDOING!
DIS *GHOSTIE* CAN NOW GO AND FIND A HWOLIDAY *HWAUNT! TWEE-HEE-HEE!*

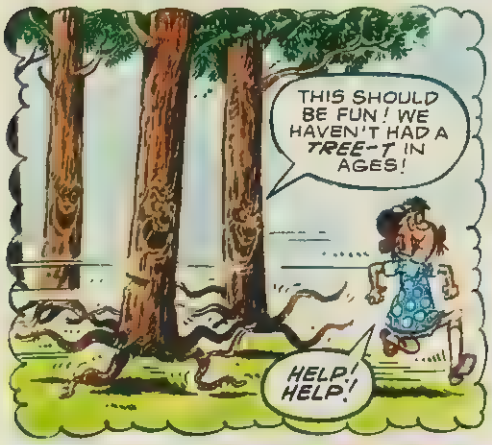
Copyright © 1974, Warner Bros. Inc. All rights reserved. Published by arrangement with Western Publishing Company, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

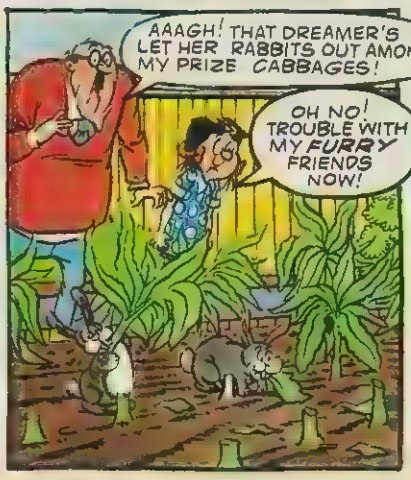
Grannie sweeps Sylvester clean away soon!

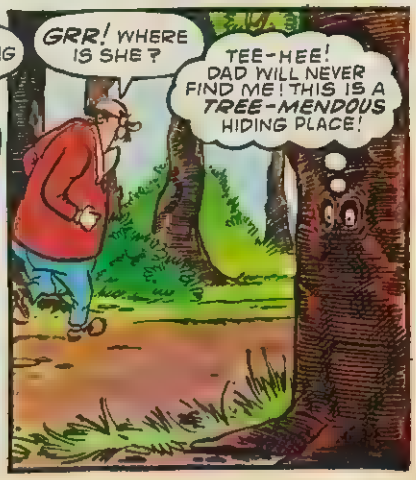
NELLY AND HER TELLY











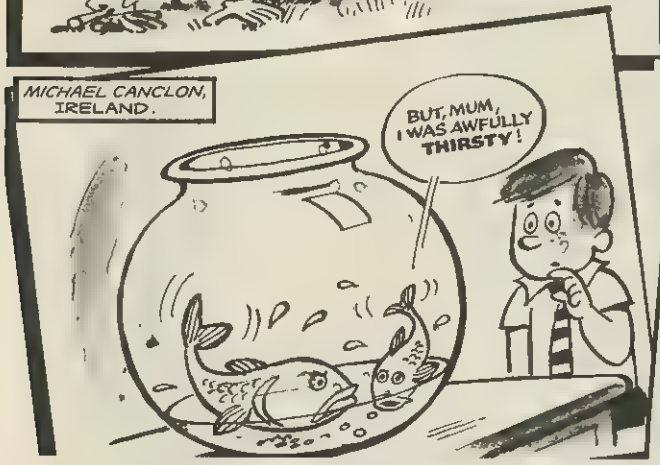
PINK PANTHER
I WANT A THOUSAND POSTERS PRINTED OF THIS ROGUE'S FACE!
YES, SIR!
DETECTIVE INSPECTOR PINK PANTHER
LATER...
HERE THEY ARE.
WANTED
IF YOU SEE THIS MAN RING 2711 1177
I WANT THEM STUCK ALL OVER TOWN, SO THAT EVERY CITIZEN WILL BE FAMILIAR WITH HIS UGLY MUG!
MIGHT HE NOT HAVE LEFT TOWN BY NOW?
NO, THAT'S TOO OBVIOUS! I KNOW HOW THE CRIMINAL MIND WORKS HE'LL STAY RIGHT WHERE WE'D LEAST EXPECT HIM ..RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE!
HELLO, IS THAT THE STICKY POSTER-PASTING COMPANY? SEND ME A FAST-WORKING POSTER-PASTER RIGHT AWAY!
SO...
OKAY! I WANT THESE POSTERS STUCK IN PROMINENT PLACES SO THAT EVERYONE SEES THEM! AND I MEAN EVERYONE! GOT THAT?
WANTED
GOT IT.
WANTED
WANTED
WANTED
999 POSTERS LATER...
DETECTIVE INSPECTOR PANTHER? THAT MAN YOU'RE AFTER..
YES! HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?
YES. HE'S GOING AROUND STICKING UP YOUR 'WANTED' POSTERS!
WANTED
I'LL BE RIGHT THERE!
I HEARD THAT! I GUESS IT'S TIME I GOT OUT OF TOWN!
IF YOU SEE THIS MAN RING 2711 1177
HE'S GONE! HE'S LEFT TOWN!
WANTED
IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S OUTWITTED YOU, SIR!
OUTWITTED ME? DON'T BE SILLY, SERGEANT...
HE STUCK UP A THOUSAND POSTERS AND I DIDN'T PAY HIM FOR THE JOB!

©Minsch — Geoffrey — D-F 1974

Way out comedy with a sign soon!

Readers' Jokes

£1 FOR EACH JOKE PRINTED. SEND YOUR ENTRY TO: THE EDITOR, TV COMIC, POLLY PERKINS HOUSE, 382-386 EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON W.2. 1EP.



I-SPY 10

WHAT'S THIS

A sea monster rising from the waves? Something from outer space? It's really very simple. You see some of these every day and, although you can't touch them because they are in a dangerous place, they are helpful. So what is it?

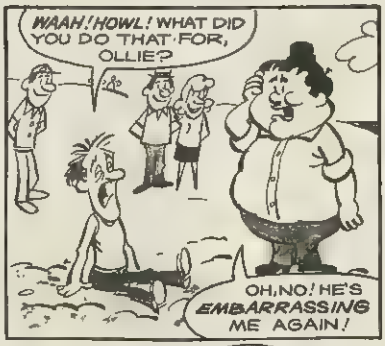
Write the answer and one thing about it on a postcard and send it to me

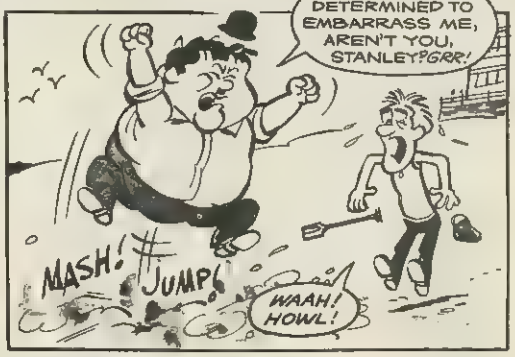
Big Chief I-SPY,
Wigwam-by-the-Green,
382-386 Edgware Road,
London. W2 1EP.

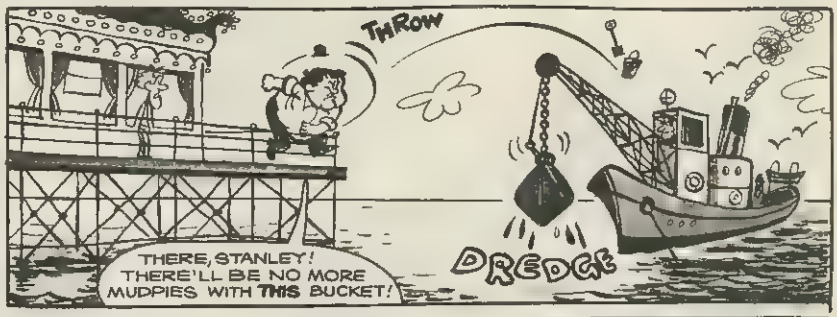
Cut along border

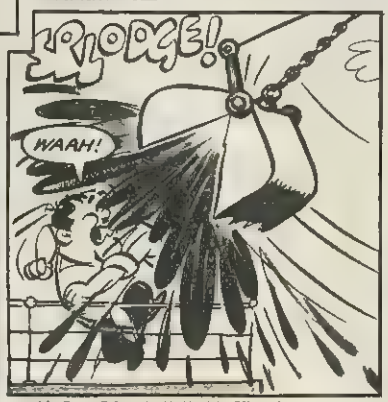
Laurel & Hardy

© 1974 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation





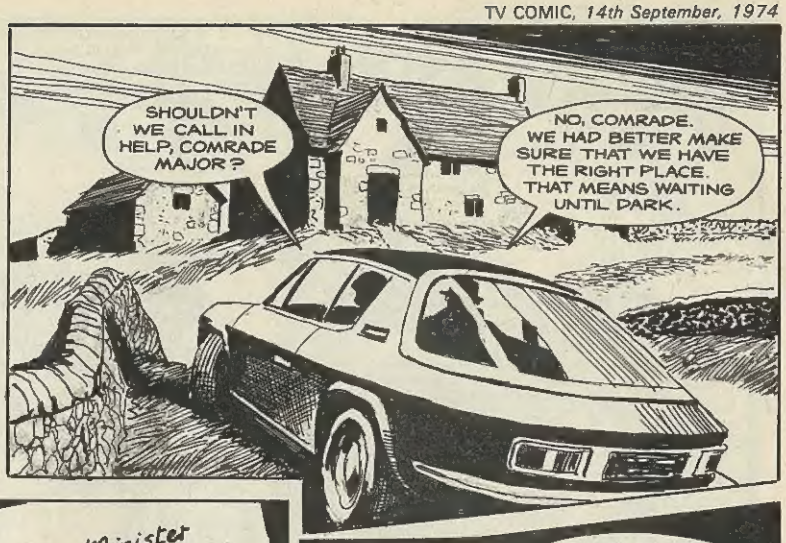




TV Comic Incorporating Tom and Jerry Weekly and TV Action, printed in Great Britain by WW Web Offset, Swan Close, Banbury, Oxon, Tel. 0295 4381, and published for the proprietors by Polystyle Publications Ltd, Polly Perkins House, Paddington Green, 382/386 Edgware Road, London, W2 1EP. Trade Distributors The Argus Press Ltd, 12/18 Paul Street, London, EC2A 4JS. Sole Agents Australia and New Zealand Messrs Gordon & Gotch (A/sia) Ltd, South Africa, Central News Agency © Polystyle Publications Ltd, 1974

DR WHO in The Metal-Eaters!

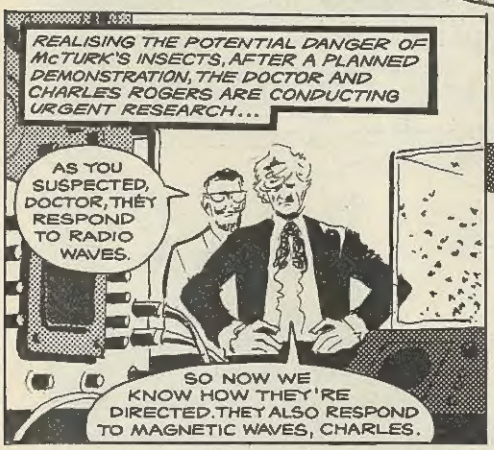
THE Doctor and Charles Rogers, Director of the National Biological Laboratories, are trying track down Professor McTurk who has bred a new species of metal-eating insects. When McTurk's swarm descends on an Army tank manoeuvre, two foreign agents are watching and immediately set out to acquire the insects as a new weapon for their government, killing a policeman who gets in their way. Now, outside McTurk's isolated farmhouse, Major Pokovsky and Dimitri Askov prepare their next move. . .


SHOULDN'T WE CALL IN HELP, COMRADE MAJOR?
NO, COMRADE. WE HAD BETTER MAKE SURE THAT WE HAVE THE RIGHT PLACE. THAT MEANS WAITING UNTIL DARK.

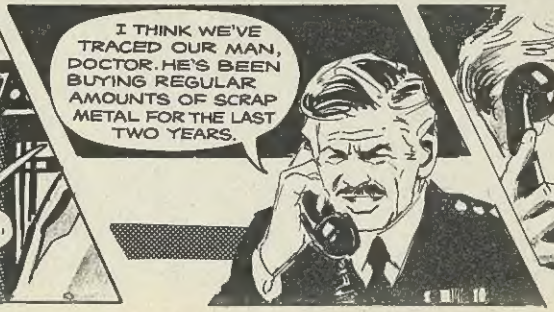
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE FARMHOUSE...
WON'T THEY COME AFTER US, PAPPA?
THEY HAVE TO FIND US FIRST, MY DEAR CATRIONA. YES, I THINK THAT WILL DO VERY NICELY.

Dear Prime Minister
My insects will be kept under lock and key for a fee of £1,000,000. Any attempt to arrest me will lead to their immediate release. I wish the money to be paid into the Banco Rosario of Rio de Janiero Account No. 777/129/601
I WANT YOU TO TELEPHONE THIS TO THE 'DAILY EXPRESS' FROM THE VILLAGE.

NOT LONG AFTER...
AHA! SO WE ARE CORRECT, DIMITRI. THERE GOES THE TRUCK WE SAW OUT ON THE MOOR!
THE GIRL IS DRIVING. THEN PERHAPS THE OLD MAN IS IN THERE ON HIS OWN, COMRADE MAJOR?


REALISING THE POTENTIAL DANGER OF McTURK'S INSECTS, AFTER A PLANNED DEMONSTRATION, THE DOCTOR AND CHARLES ROGERS ARE CONDUCTING URGENT RESEARCH...
AS YOU SUSPECTED, DOCTOR, THEY RESPOND TO RADIO WAVES.
SO NOW WE KNOW HOW THEY'RE DIRECTED. THEY ALSO RESPOND TO MAGNETIC WAVES, CHARLES.

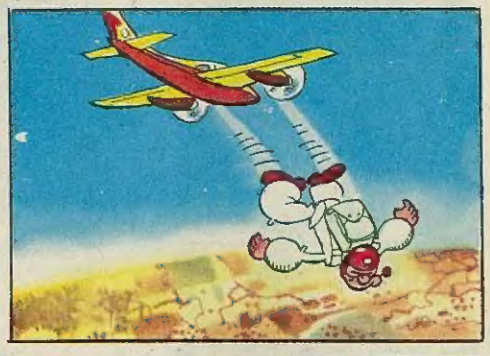
IF THEY EVER DO BECOME A FREE SPECIES WE NEED TO BE READY, CHARLES.
INDEED, DOCTOR. THEY BREED SO FAST WE WOULD HAVE A PLAGUE OF THE WRETCHED THINGS ALMOST OVERNIGHT!

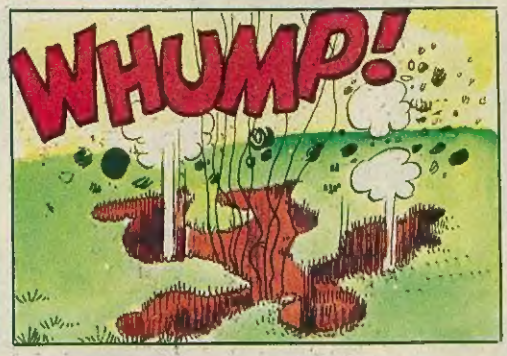


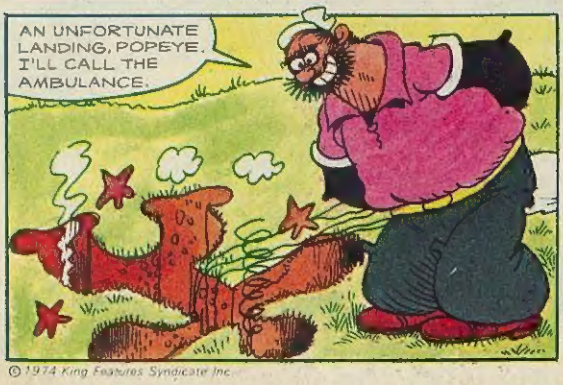
© 1974 BBC tv Enterprises

SHORTLY AFTER...
WHATEVER HAPPENS WE MUSTN'T DISTURB THIS MANIAC, SO THAT HE RELEASES HIS INSECTS!
YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL US THAT, SIR. THE 'DAILY EXPRESS' RECEIVED A DEMAND FROM HIM FOR £1,000,000, AN HOUR AGO, THREATENING TO DO JUST THAT!
UNAWARE THAT THE NET IS CLOSING IN, PROFESSOR McTURK IS ATTENDING TO HIS UNUSUAL PETS...
THERE, MY BEAUTIES...IT'S FEEDING TIME...
THEN, SUDDENLY...
WHAT'S THAT?
BUT THE STARTLED McTURK IS QUICK TO RESPOND...
I WARNED YOU...
STAY VERY STILL, COMRADE!
LOOK OUT, MAJOR!
AAAGH!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, COMRADE MAJOR?
PITY... WE NEEDED HIM. GRAB SOME INSECTS AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE GIRL RETURNS!
IN FACT, CATRIONA McTURK ALMOST COLLIDES WITH THE ESCAPING AGENTS...
GOOD GRACIOUS...
WHEN THE GIRL ARRIVES BACK HOME...
PAPPA!
HURRY, GIRL... I...I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME...
RELEASE THE INSECTS!

More drama with the Doctor next week!







THAT EVENING...
ISN'T IT LUCKY I MADE THIS PRETTY DRESS, POPEYE? OTHERWISE I WOULDN'T HAVE LOOKED SMART WHEN I CAME TO VISIT YOU IN HOSPITAL!

© 1974 King Features Syndicate Inc.

Swee'pea's seeing spots in this spot soon!

A RECEPTACLE
PRESENTATION